

## Great Hopkins County Fair, August 1st, 2d, 3rd, 4th and 5th.

GRANDER, GREATER, MORE AND BETTER ATTRACTIONS THAN EVER BEFORE. DON'T MISS IT.

### MET THE RUSSIANS

Eldred Davis With Rear Admiral Train's Fleet at Manila.

HELPED TO REMOVE AND CARE FOR WOUNDED RUSSIANS.

He Writes Interestingly of Daily Routine of the Sailor's Life.

The following letter from Eldred A. Davis, serving in the medical department of the U. S. Navy, on the U. S. Ship Wilmington, tells of the reception given the disabled Russian battleships and the wounded Russian naval soldiers under Admiral Enquist when the latter reached the Philippines June 3rd.

Eldred was of the medical party that removed and gave aid to the wounded and writes touchingly of the fearful casualties.

This is one of a series of letters that Mr. Davis will write to THE BEE. A private letter to the publisher says that he expects to sail for the States in the near future, via Europe. He will favor us with other letters en route, written in his usual newsy and interesting style. Previous communications from Eldred to THE BEE have been read with much interest in Earlington and Hopkins county. Future letters will be looked for with pleasant anticipation. The letter follows:

U. S. S. WILMINGTON,  
U. S. ASIATIC FLEET,  
OFF CAVITE, MANILA BAY, P. I.,  
June 5, 1905.

EDITOR BEE,

DEAR SIR:—The morning of June 3rd found the American fleet under Rear Admiral Train in a state of expectancy, the day before a signal from the flagship Ohio notified the ship in good condition, to be ready to stand out to sea the next day. Everyone expected a fine cruise, the weather was exceptional, not a ripple disturbed the water. No one knew or cared what the destination of the fleet was, but all hands were satisfied to know that a voyage was before them, and sailor-like welcome any diversion to break the dull monotony of life in this climate, and just now with wars in the ascendancy, life in the far East is uncertain and one never knows what the next day may bring.

Life on a man-of-war is regulated by a strict routine. As usual on the morning of the 3rd, all hands were piped at three bells and as healthy young American tars were tumbling out of their hammocks and scurrying gally-wards for early morning coffee, which Spuds, (ship's cook) and his assistants had awaiting them, and Jimmy-legs (Master at Arms) and the Boson Mates were yelling and shaking the lazy ones who would sleep a little longer, bugles sounding, pipes (Bosons whistle) spilling, one wonders if order can come out of chaos, with this water-splashing, yelling, good natured mob, with here and there a sore-head rubbing his eyes and declaiming in a sleepy tone how insane his ship-mates act, and how little sleep he gets.

As one passes along the decks he hears good natured jests, seasoned with a few quaint oaths as only belong to a seaman's vocabulary. You hear a quartermaster tell a seaman that the uniform of the day will be "clean whites," you hear an old salt telling how much better were the old days, when grog went with early coffee, "after the U. M. C. A. run the outfit," as he chooses to put it. But don't pass on, you will after a bit hear this same old salt bragging about how much better records his gun's crew have made since their "conks (heads) were not befogged by grog." You will hear one man running down some officer, you will hear another defend him, and as a climax to his argument will declare that "next to Helen Gould he is the best friend a sailor man has." I would like here to say that that good

woman has so firmly established herself in the affections of American sailor men that all good is compared to Helen Gould by sailors. Pass on you hear discussions of all sorts; one crowd discussing Lawson and his motives, another bunch arraigning Congress, others listening to a fellow run down preachers, here a group holding forth on the merits of salt horse over canned beef, others listening to a youngster explaining methods of telling real diamonds from paste, etc., etc., all good natured and noisy. What's that? Suddenly, above the din, you hear a shrill, unearthly shriek, high and penetrating. Instantly all is quiet, one could hear a pin fall, and this shrill noise (the boatswain's whistle) gradually dies out, with a long drawn, wailing blast, followed by a deep, hoarse, mumbling cry—music that can only come from the vocal cords of a boatswain's-mate, tuned by sou-westers, and pitched to the tune of the typhoon, sprayed by nature's normal salt solution and intelligible only to the sea-faring man. He said: "All hands turn to, clamp down decks both fore and aft." Instantly everyone is busy, confusion again, but now there is a method in their madness. What a change; no hammock in sight, quarter-gunnery working like mad, each trying to make his piece the neatest, deck hands scrubbing decks and shining bright-work. The black gang below busy on engines and fires; everyone doing something. This continues until the bugle sounds first call for mess, then the men knock off and have breakfast, after which Jimmy-legs lights the smoking lamp and pipes and cigarettes are started, more yarns, changing clothes for uniform of the day, etc., until eight bells and the bugle sounds colors; all hands stand attention and salute as the stars and stripes are run up and unfold themselves to another day. Now the day in reality has begun aboard ship; no more smoking or loud talking, but a busy hum as Jack goes about boat drills, signal practice, etc. About one bell (8:30) a whispering goes around the ship, "what's the word?" "Why the old man (captain) just joined the navigator on the bridge; something doing. A string of flags are run up on the flagship, wondering eyes are turned towards the bridge; they are not in suspense long; the word is sung loud and clear, "All hands stand by to up anchor" followed by the whirl of winches, hurried orders, answered by a brisk "aye, aye, sir," below shovels clank, black smoke issues from the funnels, ventilators are trimmed on the wind, the man in the bow sings out "anchor's aweigh, sir," and an American war ship is under way, steaming majestically into live, and forming on the flagship.

So it was with us on the morning of the 3rd as our ships steamed out of Manila Bay. I would like to tell you something of life aboard ship at sea, but I fear I have already too severely tried your patience and will risk but little more to the blue pencil. The watches were changed and things went their usual course until we were well out to sea, when suddenly everyone about the decks were brought to their feet by a cry from the lookout, in the crow's nest, "Smoke, ho, sir," and after a bit three strangers were made out on our starboard bow. They proved to be the Russian cruisers Oleg, Zemtchug, and flagship Aurora with Admiral Enquist aboard. They were all in a bad condition, fresh from the fights in the northern straits. Permission was granted them to enter Manila Bay and medical aid was offered which was gladly accepted. No one other than regular officials were allowed aboard, with the medical party, of which I was a member. We decided to take all the worst wounded ashore with us, and had boats for that purpose. As our launch went alongside I could see the condition of the ships which certainly spoke well for the Jap gunners. The ships were simply riddled in places, sponsons battered, and smoke-stacks full of holes, and the anxious faces that met our gaze, powder burnt begrimed, and with relieved feelings, they thanked us for our offer. The officers met us and led us below to the berth deck, and there I saw a spectacle of suffering that time will never efface from

my memory.

An American general once remarked that "war is hell." I used to think that rather a harsh way of putting it, but now I wonder that there is no word in the English language that will no nearer express the awfulness of war. That lower deck of the Czar's ship was like the dream of Dante, but alas too real.

I am unable to picture the suffering and evidences of suffering I beheld. Surely that ship had been cruising near the Styx, piloted by the hand of misfortune, into waters where death was king and cries of anguish were answered by the hellish thud of the torpedo. Scattered about the decks on dirty blankets with one linen or mattress were wounded bodies of human beings, some one's brother, son, husband or sweetheart, gasping for breath, some already beyond human help, others raving with fever fighting again their battles, or muttering words of love to their dear ones in their northern homes, others cursing and tearing at bandages, some thinking of home which they would never see again. The medical officers and nurses had done all in their power, to allay their suffering, but the task was superhuman, and they turned grateful faces to us for our timely aid.

I noticed one poor fellow scarcely twenty laying quietly holding a shipmate's hand and listening to the words of a priest; he glanced wistfully in our direction, wondering no doubt, if we would move

you already. No man becomes immuned to the sight of suffering, but each death struggle he witnesses only impresses more firmly on his mind how uncertain this life is and he should look forward and be prepared to answer when his time comes. He should pay the debt of gratitude, he owes his God, by trying to make some else happy, and answering the call of the sick and suffering, for that is the true Christianity. I am Sir

Very Respectfully Yours,  
ELDRÉD A. DAVIS, U. S. Navy.  
U. S. Ship Wilmington.

### FOUND DEAD.

Edward Ruby Killed.—Found Near the Railroad Tracks at Huntington, Ind. —Buried in Madisonville Monday.

Edward Ruby was found near the track in the railroad yards at Huntington, Ind., last Wednesday in an unconscious condition and died in a short time after his removal.

It is not known just how he met his death. He had been in a restaurant and in paying for his meal had a bill changed, in less than one hour afterwards he was found in a dying condition with no money in his pockets. He had a printer's card in his

### JOHN CLARK

Waives Examining Trial and Remains in Madisonville Jail.

John Clark, the negro, who is charged with having attempted rape on Mrs. William Woodson, near Central City, last week, was carried to Madisonville by the officers for safe keeping.

Tuesday he left Madisonville in charge of Deputy Powers and the sheriff of Muhlenberg county for Greenville, where his examining trial was to be held. On reaching the iron bridge over Pond river he stated to Deputy Powers that he would waive an examination and desired to go back to Madisonville jail. He was accordingly returned to Madisonville and is now in jail at that place. He admits having been to the home of Rev. Wm. Woodson and asked for something to eat.

### Died of Stomach Trouble.

Owen, the 7 months old infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wyatt, of this city, died Sunday night at 9:30 o'clock after an illness of several weeks with stomach trouble. Burial took place at Earlington cemetery Monday afternoon. The little infant was the surviving one of a pair of twins his brother, Amphis, having died a few weeks ago, and with the same disease.

### HE SAW ABE LINCOLN KILLED

William S. Withers Led the Orchestra at Ford's Theater, and Was Stabbed.

New York, July 16.—William S. Withers, of Wakefield, who led the orchestra of Ford's theater, in Washington, when President Lincoln was shot, is dead at the age of 70. Wilkes Booth stabbed him after leaping from the president's box to the stage, and a detective arrested him. In the confusion of the moment many in the theater believed Withers fired the shot that killed Lincoln. Hundreds screamed "Kill him!" and he was dragged out of the angry mob to the stage just in time to save him from being badly hurt.

He was a soldier in the civil war, going to Ford's theater at the close of the fighting to lead the orchestra.

### MET DEATH AS A UNITARIAN

Rev. Dr. Charles Pearson, of Quincy, Ill., Dies While Visiting in London.

Quincy, Ill., July 16.—Rev. Dr. Charles Pearson, pastor of the Unitarian church of Quincy, is dead in London, where he was visiting his daughter.

He was 27 years professor of literature in Northwestern university and was tried for heresy in the Methodist church.

Dr. Pearson was born in England 60 years ago.

### John D. Rockefeller Interviewed.

Cleveland, O., July 18.—John D. Rockefeller politely but firmly refused to tell a newspaper reporter where his father, Wm. A. Rockefeller, is. "I should like to play your men a game of golf almost any morning," was his reply.

### Illinoisan Drops Dead.

Medapolis, Ia., July 15.—T. G. Hamburg, of Stronghurst, Ill., while conversing with his wife in the hotel office here, dropped dead of heart failure.

### Killed While at Mass.

Fermo, Italy, July 17.—The roof of the chapel of the Women's hospital fell in Sunday morning, during the celebration of mass, killing 16 women, 50 children and injuring 32.

### Gen. B. M. Thomas, C. S. A.

Dalton, Ga., July 18.—Gen. B. M. Thomas, C. S. A., died at his home in this city in the afternoon. Peritonitis was the immediate cause of his death. He was a graduate of West Point and a distinguished brigadier general in the confederate army.

### Slashed Thirty Times and Dead.

St. Louis, July 18.—The body of Stephen Nante, a Greek, was found in rear of first floor at 717 South Second street. He had been stabbed with a stiletto 30 times. Three Greeks are under arrest.

### UNION STATION

Of L. & N. at Louisville.—Loss \$350,000.—Traffic Not Interrupted.

Louisville, Ky., July 17.—The Union passenger station, at Tenth and Broadway, was destroyed by fire tonight, entailing a loss of about \$350,000. The amount of the insurance is not known.

The fire was discovered about 9:30 o'clock on the top floor of the four-story stone structure, and although every fire engine in the city except the reserves was on the scene in half an hour, the flames gained steadily, and in two hours after the start the building was eaten to a shell, only the walls being left standing.

Fortunately the fire occurred at a time when few trains were scheduled to arrive or depart, and only a small crowd of passengers was in the building. There was no panic and no casualties ensued.

Defective insulation on electric wires is thought to have caused the fire.

The loss was confined to the passenger station proper, the Louisville & Nashville freight depot standing alongside being saved by the firemen. The train shed was saved and the terminals were not obstructed. The fire caused small interruption to traffic on the Louisville & Nashville, Pennsylvania and Monon Railroads, the three companies using the station. Trains were detoured and passengers and baggage handled at the Union depot, Seventh and Water, and the Fourteenth-street depot.

### Sunday School of Christian

Church Picnics at Lakeside Park.

Last Thursday the Sunday school of the Christian church, with friends enjoyed a delightful picnic at Lakeside Park. About one hundred and fifty or two hundred people were present. In the morning at 9:30 a portion of the school assembled at the church, and headed by Superintendent Jas. R. Rash and wife marched to the company store, where they were loaded in vehicles and conveyed to the park.

During the day many amusing games were played in which foot races, jumping and marbles figured conspicuously. A beautiful dinner was spread at noon, and lemonade was plentiful. At a late hour in the afternoon the crowd returned home with pleasant memories of the day.

### Freeman-McDonald.

Miss Jennie Freeman, of Howell, Ind., and Mr. D. E. McDonald, of this city, were united in matrimony at the residence of the bride's parents last Wednesday night at 8:30 o'clock. Miss Freeman is the daughter of Dr. James Freeman, of Howell, and is one of the best known young ladies of that city and has a host of friends. Mr. McDonald is a rising young railroad man and stands high with his employees.

### Infant Dead.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Cavanaugh died Monday and was buried Tuesday. Rev. J. E. King, of the M. E. Church, South, conducted the services. The little one had been ill only a short time. It was about seven months old.

**DON'T FAIL**  
—TO—  
**ATTEND BENEFIT**  
**EXHIBITION**  
**Moving Pictures**  
GIVEN UNDER AUSPICES  
**Tribes of Ben-Hur**  
**JULY 20, 21, 22.**  
**Two Shows Daily---3 and 8 p. m.**  
Prices 10 and 15 Cents.  
**ELECTRIC THEATRE**  
ON MAIN STREET. NEXT TO HOSE HOUSE

him from that ship of disaster, but poor fellow he was then breathing his last; and even as I looked he raised himself, smiled, held out his hands, and dropped back on his rough pillow, lifeless clay. He had passed from the Czar's service, his fight was done, he stood before that king, who taught love, and not war.

But why dwell on these things which words fail to picture. I saw that, and many other sad sights, and thought "were these things as God had predestined," no, war is the invention of Satan, the realization of hell on earth, and it was not intended for men to fight. We quickly got several, who were able, ready to go ashore to a nice, cool, clean hospital, and as their comrades gathered around and kissed them goodbye (a Russian custom,) one could see tears in the eyes of strong men, for they knew full well that several were destined to fill sailors' graves, before many days. I need not dwell on how glad the poor fellows were when they reached the hospital, but all were well cared for from the brawny stoker to his Highness Prince Potemkin who was among the wounded. Admiral Enquist was also wounded but refused to leave his ship.

Of course the story of this battle has long since reached you, but these little details that I have tried in my poor way to tell you of, never are part of the dispatches. I am sorry space will not permit my telling more but I fear I have taxed

pocket bearing his name, and his home address, Madisonville, also appeared on papers in his pockets but this was misinterpreted to mean Maysville and the telephone and telegraph were used in an effort to locate his relatives at Maysville. The citizens of Huntington were convinced that the deceased was of gentle birth and held the remains while making every effort to locate his relatives. The printers and newspaper men at that place had the remains embalmed and prepared for burial. A sister of Mrs. George Rash, of Madisonville, saw an account of his death in a paper and sent it to Mrs. Rash. This was the first knowledge of the sad affair that reached the family. Clint Ruby, a brother of the dead man, took the first train for Huntington and returned with his brother's remains Monday.

Funeral services were held at the residence of his sister, Mrs. W. C. Morton, after which the interment took place at the Odd Fellows cemetery Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock. Edward Ruby was for several years foreman of this paper and was a hard working industrious man and one of the best printers in the country